

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

## Gardening In Smocks Is Style

By MARGARET MASON.

My Lady Fashion used to mock the simple peasant in his smock; but now must garden hollyhocks. Or on the farm among the stock. And round the house with pan and crock she thinks it smart to wear a smock. She winces where she used to mock.

There really seems to be a sort of "back to the farm" movement among the fashions. There is a perfect craze for quaint smocks of colored linen cut exactly like those affected by honest Gaffer Gray, and all the other perfectly good old English tenantry.

It's a far cry from a thatched cottage in rural England to an apartment or house in an American city, but the smock adapts itself beautifully, as well as artistically, to all the modern improvements, and looks even more delectable on a peach than a peasant.

Modeled on the same loose lines as the actual peasant smocks, they reach to the knees, and are made of loosely woven linen in lovely shades of old



blue, old rose, leaf green, orange, or, in fact, any shade you want them. Their round turned-over collars and cuffs may be of a contrasting shade of the same material, and the smocking that characterizes the yoke in front, or back, or both, as you choose, is prettiest caught with thread of blending colors.

They are, indeed, a charming, as well as a practical, adjunct to your summer wardrobe, either to slip on when you "come into the garden, Maude," and dig among your posies, or to wear just around the house in lieu of a regulation apron effect.

Of course, we long ago revealed in the charm of the smock and smocking, for the kiddies and artists discovered their practicability for studio work, but now that they have been offered for general consumption, we can't help feeling quite shocked to think we all haven't been smocked, as well as frocked, long, long ago.

Another farm fashion is the tendency of all milking to burst forth, not into bloom, but into fruit. Cherries appear to be the favorite fruits of the moment, and are found on the very best heads, not only as hat trimmings, but even as culture ornaments.

It seems a natural tendency of the cherry to go to one's head, whether it be on a hat or in a cocktail. Tiny oranges, peaches, apples, grapes, strawberries, lemons, plums, currants, and even gooseberries are pressed into service as hat adornments. Indeed, there seems to be no forbidden fruits for fashion.

From the farmyard comes also the cockcomb frill. The fullness of a tart-tart skirt is drawn up into a bustle effect behind, and jutting pertly out of



the center of the entire length of the bustle are two frills with pinned edges that end in the girdle. With the frock developed in a bright red coral taffeta, the effect of the cockcomb is startlingly realistic. This fad of the moment is certainly a cocky one.

Where the latest fashion fancies aren't taken from the old farm, war seems to be the next best field of fashionable discovery. Last year we had Balkan blouses and Bulgarian embroideries, and now the Mexican shawls and mantillas are upon us, the bells us all how to teach our children to button, button into perfectly good button-holes.

Lillokalan, late of Hawaii, and Carmen Sylvia of Roumania are the only royal ladies who seem to be in the running at all. It's interesting, isn't it? I wish I could invite the six greatest I know to be my guests at the great fair in San Francisco in 1915.

One Who Is Truly Great.

I'd have to invite them right now and give them at least a year to get ready to come—for most of them are poor—and haven't any particularly fine clothes—and all of them are very, very busy.

One of my six greatest women has clothes enough and to spare. Gorgeous clothes—silk and satin and lace—embroidered and woven and plaited. Clothes from Paris, where they make them specially for America of a sort that no French woman would wear even to the wedding of her dearest enemy. Clothes from that new smart shop in Vienna, where you must get your coats—unless you want to be entirely out of it—wisely things from India, all plumper and sparkle—embroidered things from China, all gold and silver—oh, all kinds of clothes—this one of my six has—for she's an actress and she needs clothes in her business.

No, I shouldn't call her a great actress, not one of the world's greatest, but she is a very good actress indeed; and everybody in this country knows her and loves her—and I can never even see her picture, whether it is on the dead walls or hanging in the lobby of the theater, without smiling up at her and saying, "I love you—bless your heart, and I'm proud that you're an American woman."

And ever since my friend the actress has been a little, little girl she has been doing things—for other people. Big things and little things, but always kind, always generous, always loving.

She supports a whole raft of relatives. She pays brother Tommy's tailor bill and helps brother Jim's wife take the new baby and go into the country for the summer, and when old Aunt Sally broke down after her husband died, she didn't say "Poor old Aunt Sally, how she will miss dear old Uncle Joe," and let it go at that. She telegraphed to Aunt Sally to join her at the nearest city and she took her with her on a wonderful trip from coast to coast, and what Aunt Sally didn't see and hear and know on that trip wasn't worth seeing or hearing or knowing.

No supper parties without Aunt Sally; no little spins in the automobile with a gay party of friends unless Aunt Sally went, too.

Choice Hard to Make.

At the theater every night—the belle of the box—feted, courted, made much of, dear old Aunt Sally, and sent home at the close of the season with enough to think about to keep her from being lonely the rest of her life.

All because once when my friend the actress was lonely and homesick Aunt Sally took her in her lap and told her stories and gave her some cookies and called her "sweet child."

Is she happy herself? She ought to be, ought she not?

Anyways, she's good as good as gold, and as beautiful as a lily, fair and white, in the green garden, and clever and brilliant and successful—but it is because she is good that I would ask her to be my guest at the great fair as one of the world's six greatest women.

The other five of my six—why, I haven't left room to tell about them.

## PERILS OF THE SEA

By Michelson



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## Who Are the World's Greatest Women?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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OUT in San Francisco where the weather's fair they're trying to pick out the world's six most distinguished women.

No, they aren't going to send them laurel wreaths, or ask them to talk into a phonograph and tell us all just how they came to be so distinguished. They're going to invite them to the Panama Exposition—as world honor guests.

The California papas are asking the people of California to help decide who the world's six greatest women are. So far they're a good deal in the dark.

There's a list of names starting with Mme. Curie, the great French scientist, and ending with the Begum of something or other—of India's greatest women. Jane Addams seems to be a favorite, and so does Helen Gould Shepard.

Mrs. Pankhurst and Annie Besant are running neck and neck. Annie Smith Peck, who climbs mountains, has for her close competitor, Mme. Montessori, who is telling us all how to teach our children to button, button into perfectly good button-holes.

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Winifred Black

have it? One is a scrub woman, a creep, they call her, because she creeps over the floors of the great office buildings after every one has gone home and scrubs them and makes them clean for the next day. And she fires go down at night and it sometimes is very cold in the great office building; and my friend the creep gets very tired. Her hands are red and swollen, and her back aches, and her knees are lame—but always she sings while she creeps over the cold floors. Singing Mary, they call her in the scrub squad, and it's always a gay song on her lips and a laugh in her eyes and a cheery word to any of the others who are in trouble. And at home there's an invalid husband and there's an old mother and there are four little children, and you ought to see that home.

I'd like to invite her and every woman like her in this great country of ours to see the fair as an honor guest.

That's why it's hard to choose, isn't it, the six greatest women in the world, while we all know them by the dozen—noble women, good women, self-sacrificing women, the Real Great of the earth. What a world it would be to live in—without them.

## Three Minute Journeys

### The Greatest Tragedy of Conquest

By TEMPLE MANNING

PROBABLY the most striking relics of ancient Roman conquest, preserved mainly by reason of their modern isolation, are to be found in Judea. These are what remain of the fortifications thrown up against Masada, the last Jewish stronghold to defy the Caesars, after the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70.

Today Judea, or that part of south-eastern Palestine known as the Wilderness of Judea, is an arid plateau dotted with small conical hills.

Dead sea. Its sides are so precipitous that no army could well climb them. Only from one direction may the fortress be reached.

A wall, built by the Romans at the foot of Masada, enclosing the mountain, is still in a good state of preservation. At intervals along its length were camps of soldiers, and these are plain today.

It was here that the most tragic ending happened to the besieged that has ever occurred to any armed force in the world's history. The Jews, finally realizing that their cause was hopeless, agreed to kill themselves. First they burned their valuables, and appointed ten men to act as executioners, and after bidding farewell to one another each man lay down by his best friend and presented his neck for the blow. In all 960 persons perished.

The early Christians must have rebuilt Masada, for there is the remains of a Byzantine church there.

No visit to Palestine is complete without the side trip to this part of the country; the stories told in stones of ancient races, re-creating the hardships of the journey.

Only from One Direction May the Fortress Be Reached.

Intersected by deep ravines. It is difficult to imagine a more desolate and dreary region, or one filled with more danger, the roving tribes of Bedouins being for the most part insatiable robbers.

The mountain of Masada, towers 1,700 feet above the plains of the

## Advice

### To Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

Dear Annie Laurie: I have enjoyed your answers to other girls. I would like to know if I could write sport stories. Would any newspaper take them? Would I have to write on certain kind of paper and would I get pay for them? I have often thought I could write short stories for children.

W. L. T. N.

THAT depends entirely upon you and your stories, little girl. If they are good stories, somebody will buy them and pay for them. If you send them to the right sort of people.

What sort of papers and magazines do you read?

Why don't you notice the sort of short stories that are published in the paper in your own particular town, and if you have any of that sort, send them to that particular editor, and see what will happen?

Pick your editor—and pick him carefully. Don't try to sell a hat to the shoe store man and expect him to be glad to put it in the window for sale.

If you have written a novel story, send it to the love story man; if you've written a child's story, send it to the place where a child's story seems to belong. First write your story, put it away to cool, then take it out and write it over again, copy it on the typewriter if you can; if you can't, be sure that your writing is good and plain; most editors would throw away a story by Rudyard Kipling and put one by Little Miss Nobody in its place. If Miss Nobody's story was easier to read than the other one—unless the Kipling name was on the first page of the manuscript. Write on one side of the paper and send out your story.

Children's stories have an excellent market, if you send them to the right place. Don't imitate any one else.

Good luck, little sister, and lots of it.

Annie Laurie

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Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of general interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care this office.

## What Shall We Have for Dinner Tonight?

HOW many times has the weary housewife said, "What shall we have for dinner tonight?" with accent on the shall, the have, and the dinner in a hundred varying accents of questioning despair?

This universal suffering should be greatly relieved by an ingenious device recently put on the market. This consists, not of a wheel of fate—but food, which is called a Housekeeper's Food Chart.

This is a piece of gray cardboard, within which is a revolving wheel, easily turned with the finger. On the dial are six spaces, one for soup, one for meat, one for starch, one for vegetable, one for salad, and one for dessert.

Now, instead of asking herself "What shall?" etc., etc., the housewife decides that she will have beef, for instance. Then she turns the wheel to "Beef" and lo, presto! all the other combinations of soup, salad, vegetable, and dessert that should go with meat, are instantly moved into view. The dinner is a choice of three kinds of each class, so that if we don't like onions and spinach, perhaps, we can choose asparagus; if we don't like cornstarch we can take shortcake—and still have the meals balanced according to dietetic values.

That is the basis of the whole thing. It is a device to show what are "balanced" or good combinations of food. How often we unthinkingly have three starches at a meal, or ham and eggs and peanut butter, all together, or not enough vegetables. This little device will tell us what foods go together, and really plan the meals for us. It costs but 50 cents, and as it has all possible food combinations, it is a device for a week or a year, but one covering all time, so to speak. It certainly would be helpful to the busy woman who has not had time to know just what foods go best together.

(Copyright, 1914, by Mrs. Christine Frederick.)

BO BO—I have a severe case of "saborrhoea" of the scalp. Have tried several remedies without any results. Am a young man of thirty with good habits and in good health.

Try this on your scalp:

Sulphur precip..... 25 grains.  
Oil of theobrom..... 3 drams.  
Balsam Peru..... 1 dram.  
Resorcin..... 5 grains.

W. H. L.—What will remove moles?

The lance, radium and the X-ray. The knife is most certain, least painful, not dangerous, and quickly over.

W. E. Y.—What is good for large nostrils and large pores of the nose?

Vigorous massage with a Turkish towel and the application of glycerine and kaolin should help some. The use of constricting bands on the nose and exposure to the sun often bring a shrinkage to the nose.

BACK BAY.—What is a good remedy for warts and pimples?

Bathe the warts in hot vinegar two or three times a day and keep collodion on it at night. To one ounce of collodion there should be added ten grains of salicylic acid.

For the pimples. Do not use hot water or soap on the face, but wash with this: Salicylic acid one part, tar-

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## Books a Bracing Tonic to Brain and Body

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

A sunlight and fresh air, cold water and a plain pabulum are tonics to the brain and blood, so is reading to the brain and the muscles.

The printed page is the soul's purifier, and 't is no new discovery under the sun. An inscription over the door of the library at Thebes says: "Books are medicine for the soul."

It seems the printing press of today had voluminous rivals ten thousand and twenty thousand years ago. Reading was, perhaps, just as universal then as now.

The pyramids were built with a thousand human hands to move each block, and all books were inscribed with labor just as cheap and in equal battalions of human "printing presses."

In a word, reading, writing, and arithmetic were the same honored medical trio scores of thousands of years ago. Furthermore, the mind of Smith today is not a jot superior to the mind of the Chaldean or Persian shepherd of 25,000 years ago.

Nor is the mind of Edison or Woodrow Wilson superior to that of Aristotle or the ancient wise men. The intelligence and mental incapacity of humanity in general is exactly the same today as it was aeons of years ago, despite all the flubdub and talk of supermen.

All of these truths, however, take nothing from the fact that a little study now and then will more than help the wisest men. The man who is physically and intellectually sleek; the domestic trudge with her pandemonium of petty troubles; the fair maid disappointed in love; the bashful, unprogressive youth, can all find a cure in the reading room and library habit.

If boys and girls or men and women who by force of circumstances have been compelled to abandon school, study and reading habits early in life, would spend one hour each night in the reading room of a public library, scanning and matching thought from the pages of elementary books on biology, chemistry, physics, bacteriology, geology, zoology, and encyclopedias, much of the mental anguish, perverted intelligence, misdirected thinking, near-insanity, and distorted sensations and feelings, which are worse than organic maladies, would be given their coup de grace.

You must, however, mix the living with the dead. That is to say, with every honored old classic that you read you must read three live vital, current volumes. Such classics as Aristotle, Milton, Shakespeare, Faraday, Dante, Moliere, Hugo, and the other worthies must be the meat in the sandwich of current text books, periodicals, and newspapers. For each Carlyle, Goethe, and Kant there must be several slices of up-to-date 1914 psychology, science, philosophy, drama, poetry, and story.

Books, then, are the safe deposit vaults of thought. They are more over, the throbbing active life blood that pulses the present times and customs through your tissues. Plus music, experience, and environmental contact they are the flesh, the life, the vital spirit of your very self.

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## Answers to Health Questions

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## Its Value Proved By Its Sales

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## New Marriage Rule Makes Official Popular

ST. PETERSBURG, May 18.—The new director of posts and telegraphs has suddenly become the most popular official in Russia among the women folks.

When he took office he was embarrassed with protests against the long-standing regulation which forbade women clerks either to marry outside of the service or to select their husbands from a different grade of the service than that in which they themselves were employed. He has not only abrogated this rule, but has cancelled a similar official "recommendation" that male clerks should observe the same restrictions.

## Say Good Roads Mean Good Schools.

COLUMBUS, May 18.—Had roads are the cause of 25 per cent of the children in rural districts not attending school regularly. This was the declaration today of State Highway Commissioner Markley. He is preparing to use this fact in his campaign to increase interest in road-building, and to get the State "Better roads, mean better health, better schools, better children," is his motto.

## Chips

Thick-headed men often give thin excuses.

The fog that conceals you also hides the other fellow.

Anger often turns away what might have been a soft answer.

Excess is laden in many ways. Too many places for everything is worse than no place for anything.

The gas jet that will not take the chill out of the room in the winter will make the apartment unbearably hot in July.

It is usually cheaper to give advice than to follow it. This is especially true when the advice is bad, as it often is.

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